

ELECTED!

Words and Music by

ALICE COOPER, MICHAEL BRUCE, GLEN BUXTON,
DENNIS DUNAWAY, NEAL SMITH

Moderate Four Hard Rock

BMI

> symbols indicating slurs. The bass staff has a dynamic 'f' and a bass clef. Chords are marked with letters above the staff: 'A' at the beginning, 'G' with 'ooo' below it, and 'A' with 'ooo' below it. The lyrics are: '1. I'm top ground cut of meat,' 'I'm your choice; I'm gon - na be e - lect - ed. I', 'need to do the dan-dy in a gold Rolls Royce; I'm gon-na be e - lect-ed. I', and '">>>>'. The bass staff has a bass clef and a dynamic 'p'."/>

1. I'm top ground cut of meat,

I'm your choice; I'm gon - na be e - lect - ed. I

need to do the dan-dy in a gold Rolls Royce; I'm gon-na be e - lect-ed. I

>>>

A  G 

just wan-na save ya and don't need a fake;
 win this one, take the coun-try by storm; I wan-na be e-
 we're gon-na be e-

A 

lect-ed. We're all gon-na rot to rules they have made;
 lect-ed. You and me to - geth-er, the young and strong;

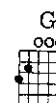
G  A  To Coda F  Bb  Eb  Ab  4 fr.

I wan-na be e - lec - ted, e - lec - ted.
 We're gon-na be e - lec - ted

Bb  G  1. C  2. E  A  Repeat four times

E - I

1433

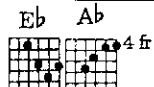


nev - er lied to ya, I've al - ways been cool; I wan - na be e -



lec - ted. I helped ya get the vote, and I told ya 'bout school;

I wan - na be e - lec - ted, e - lec - ted.

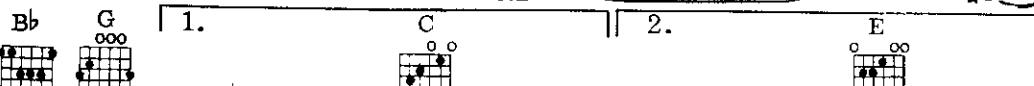


E .

12.



Halle - lu - jah,
 lec - ted.

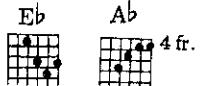


I wan - na be se -



D.S.  al  Coda

We're gon-na

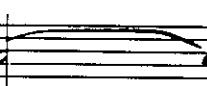


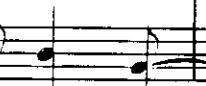




lec - ted.







Repeat and fade

e -



19

4 fr.

BILLION DOLLAR BABIES

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER
MICHAEL BRUCE
R. REGGIE

Moderately Fast



Cm

Bil - - lion dol - - lar ba - - by

{ I

Bflat 7

Cm

Rub-ber lit - tle la - dy, slick - er than a wea - sel, gri - mey as an al - ley
got you in the dime store; No oth - er lit - tle girl could ev - er hold you an - y tight - er,



loves me as no oth - er lov - er. } Bil - lion dol - lar
an - y tight - er than me, ba - by. }



4 fr.

ba - by

{ Rub - ber lit - tle mon - ster,
Reck-less like a gam - bler,



4 fr.

ba - by, I a - dore you, man or wo - man liv - in' could - n't love me like you, ba - by.
mil - lion dol - lar may - be, foam - ing like a dog that's been in - fect - ed by the ra - bies.

G7

Cm



We go dancing night - ly in the _____ at - - tic, while the

G7

Cm

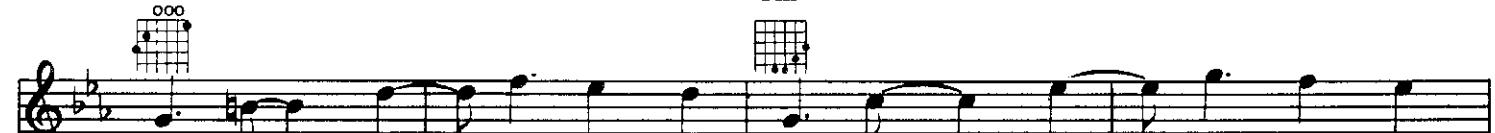


moon is — ris — ing in the sky. _____



G7

Cm



If I'm — too — rough tell me; I'm so — scared — your lit - tle



to Coda ♫ A♭ 4 ft.



head will — come — off in my hands. _____



Tacet

Cm



Cm
 Play 3 times
 Ab 4 fr. Bb Cm Bb Ab 4 fr. D.S. $\frac{5}{4}$ al \oplus Coda
 Coda \oplus 4 fr. Ab Cm Ab 4 fr. Repeat and fade
 hands. *Mil* *Bil* *Tril* *Zil* - lion - lion - lion - lion dol - lar ba - by.

GENERATION-LANDSLIDE

Moderately Fast

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER, MICHAEL BRUCE
DENNIS DUNAWAY, NEAL SMITH
and GLEN BUXTON



BMI

mf

A_b

$A_b 7$

(add C_b)

4 fr.

"Please clean the plate, dear,
Mil i - tant moth - ers
the Lord hid - ing in
can see their base -

D_b

A_b

4 fr.

ments, Don't you know peo - ple
us - ing pots and pans as are their

$A_b 7$

D_b

A_b

4 fr.

(add C_b)

starv - ing in Ko - re - a?"
shields and their hel - mets; Al - co - hol and
Mol - a - tov milk

Ab7

(add Cb)

Db

Ab

4 fr.

ra - zor blades and poi - son and need - les,
bot - tles heaved from high - chairs;

Kin - der - gar - ten
While moth-ers' lib

Ab7

(add Cb)

Db

Ab
4 fr.

peo-ple, They use 'em, they need 'em;
burned birth cer - tif - i - cate pa - pers,

The o - ver in - dulg -
Dad gets his al - low -

Ab7

(add Cb)

Db

Ab
4 fr.

ing ma - chines were their chil - dren.
ance from his son - ny the deal - er,

There was - n't a way -
who's pu - bic to the

Ab7

Db

Ab

4 fr.

down on earth here to cool 'em,
world but in - volved in high fi - nance.

'cause they look just like hu -
Sis - ter's out 'til

mans five at Kress- ges' and Wool - worth,
do - in' bank - ers' sons' hours, But she de - ca - dent brains - a -


(add C♭)

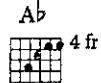



4 fr.

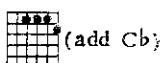
rat - ti were at work to de - stroy; _____ Brats in bat - tal -
that's a gift from his fa - ther. Stopped at full speed






4 fr.

ions _____ at were rui - ing the streets, say - - in'
at a hun - dred miles per hour,


(add C♭)



gen - er - a - tion land - slide; closed the gap be -
Col - gate in - vis - ible shield fin - al - ly


4 fr.

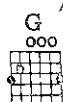
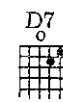
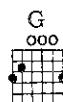
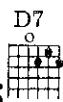


SICK THINGS

Words and Music by
BOB EZRIN
MICHAEL BRUCE
ALICE COOPER

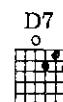
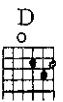
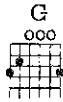


Slow Dirge



Sick things in cars - ro - tate 'round
my stars, sick

mp



things, my things, my pets, my things. I love you
things, pret - ty things, play things, my things.

things; I see as much as you love me; you things are heav - en - ly when you come



29

wor - - ship me, you things are chilled with fright, for I am out to - night; you fill me

8

To Coda

with de-light; you whet my ap - pe - tite. *Spoken: I eat my things*

1.

What's love; It brings; Come here, My things; I don't fear my little things. I love you

12.

D.S. *al Coda*

things. Sick

tite.

rit.

Coda

I LOVE THE DEAD

Words and Music by
BOB EZRIN
ALICE COOPER



Slow

Fm



Spoken lines: I love the dead be - fore they're cold, their blue - ing flesh for
I love the dead be - fore they rise; no fare - wells,

me to hold.
no good-byes.

Ca - day - er eyes up - on me see
While friends and lov - ers mourn your silly game,

noth - in'.

I have other uses for you,
darling.

1.

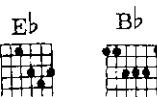
UNFINISHED SWEET

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER
MICHAEL BRUCE
NEAL SMITH



Moderate Rock

1. Can - dy ev - 'ry - where, got choc - olate in my hair, ach - ing to get _____ me;
2. I come off the gas, but I'm still see - ing spies, ach - ing to get _____ me;



Stick - y sweet suck - ers in the Hal - low - een air,
I can see them all through a pair of glass - y eyes,

ach-ing to get me;
ach-ing to get me; Saint Vi-das dance on my
De-Sade's gon-na live in my

mo-lars to-night,____
mouth to-night,____ ach-in' to get me,____
la da da da da,____

ach-in' to get me,____ get me, oh.
ach-in' to get me,____ get me, oh.

Fine

Bb

Eb

Bb

Eb

Bb

Take it to the Doc; guess he ought to know, — la la la la — da, —

which ones can stay and which ones got - ta go, la la la la — da. —

Eb

Bb

Cm

Gm

He looks in my mouth — and then he starts to gloat; — He says my

teeth are O K, but my gums got - ta go, — oh, — oh.

D. S. al Fine §

MARY ANN

Words and Music by
MICHAEL BRUCE
ALICE COOPER



F
Moderate

Mar - y Ann,_____
Mar - y Ann,_____
I'm real - ly cra - zy 'bout you,
my life was built a - round you,

mf

B \flat

D \flat

G7
ooo

'deed I am;
stars and sand;

I just can't live with - out you, Mar - y Ann,
Your eyes were pools of laugh - ter, Mar - y Ann;

1. C7
ooo

F

2. C7
ooo

F

Mar - y Ann.____

I thought you were____ my man._____

NO MORE MISTER NICE GUY

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER
MICHAEL BRUCE

Moderately



Moderately

A 5fr C#m (G# bass) 4fr G 3fr Bm D E oo
 I used to be such a sweet, sweet thing till they got a hold of me;
 A 5fr C#m 4fr G 3fr Bm D E oo
 I opened doors for lit - tle old la - dies, I helped the blind to see.
 F#m Bm D o E oo F#m
 I got no friends 'cause they read the pa - pers, - they can't be seen - with me;

Bm 

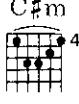
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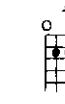
E 

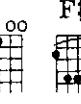
And I'm get-ting real shot down and I'm *{feel-ing, get-tin', mean-}*

Chorus:

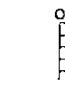
F#m 

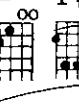
C#m  4fr

E 

F#m 

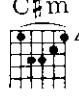
C#m  4fr

E 

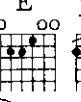
F#m 

No more Mis-ter Nice Guy, no more Mis-ter Clean,

F#m 

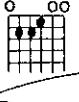
C#m  4fr

E 

F#m 

C#m  4fr

E 

F#m 

To Coda

No more Mis-ter Nice Guy. They say, "He's sick, he's ob-scene."

A 

D.S. al Coda

Coda

A 5fr C[#]m (G[#] bass) 4fr G 3fr Bm D E oo

My dog bit me on the leg to - day, — my cat clawed my eyes. —

mp 8 8

A 5fr C[#]m 4fr G 3fr Bm D E oo

My ma's been thrown out of the so - cial cir - cle, And Dad has to hide. —

8 8

A 5fr C[#]m (G[#] bass) 4fr G 3fr Bm D E oo

I went to church in - cog - ni - to. When ev - 'ry - bod - y rose —

mf

Repeat Chorus and fade

A 5fr C[#]m 4fr G 3fr Bm D E oo

The Rev'rend Smithe, he re - cog - nized me, And punched me in the nose. — He said,

f

RAPED AND FREEZIN'

39

Words and Music by
MICHAEL BRUCE
ALICE COOPER

Moderate

Ab

Eb

Bb7

Eb



1. Fin-ally got a ride, this old broad down from San - ta Fe; She was a
2. Felt like I was hit by a die-sel or a grey-hound bus. She was no



Ab7

Bb7

Eb

Ab

4 fr.

Bb7

real go - get - ter; she drawled so sweet - ly. I think, child,
ba - by sit - ter; Get up, my su - gar. Nev - er thought



things'll get bet - ter.
— you'd be a quit - ter.

We pulled off the high - way,
I o - pened the back door; She was greed-y;



night black as a wi - dow. Yes, I read the
 I ran through the des - ert; She was chas - in', no time to get
 (h) (h)

Cm A♭7 E♭
 Bi - ble. She said, "I wan - na know of you." } Hey, I
 dressed, so I was na - ked, strand-ed in Chu - ua - ua.

B♭7 E♭ B♭7 E♭
 think I've got a live one; Hey, I think I've got a live one; Hey, I
 B♭7 E♭ B♭7 E♭

B♭7 E♭ B♭7
 think I've got a live one, yeah, yeah; I think I've got a live one.

1. *E_b* *A_b* 4 fr. *B_b7* *E_b* *A_b* 4 fr. *B_b7*

2. *C_m* *F_m*

a - lone, — raped and freez - in'; — a - lone, —

A_b 4 fr.

cold and sneez - in'; — a - lone down in Mex - i - co; — a -

B_b7 *Vocal ad lib* *E_b* *A_b* 4 fr. *Repeat and fade* *B_b*

lone. — Yap - pa yap - pa yap - pa yap - pa yap - pa yap - pa yap - pa yap - pa.

SCHOOL'S OUT

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER
MICHAEL BRUCE

Strong rock



Em7



Well we got no choice, all the girls and boys mak-in' all-



that noise cause they found new toys. Oh we



can't salute ya, can't find a flag If that don't suit ya, that's a drag.



Gm Gm7 C
(G Bass) Gm

School's out for sum - mer, School's
School's out for - ev - er, School's

3 3 3 3 3

Gm7 C
(G Bass) Gm

out for - ev - er, School's been blown to
out for sum - mer, School's out, spring

3 3 3 3 3

Gm A F

To Coda G

piec - es.
fe - ver.

3 3 3 3

C D

No more pen - cils, no more books, no more

3 3 3 3

Em7



teach - er's dirt - y looks._____

Well we got no class_ and we got no prin - ci-ples,

and we got no in - no - cence, we can't e - ven

Gm

Gm7

C
(G Bass)

think of a word that rhymes._____ School's out for

Gm

sum - mer,

School's out for - ev-er,

Gm7

C (G Bass)

Gm

Ah, school's been blown to piec - es.

Gm (F Bass)

C (no 3rd)

No more pen - cils, no more books, no more teach - er's
Out for sum - mer, out till fall, we might not come

C

D

1. 2. D.S. al Coda

Coda

Gm

Gm (F Bass)

C (no 3rd)

dirt - y looks. back at all.

School's out com - plete-ly.

EIGHTEEN

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER, MICHAEL BRUCE
DENNIS DUNAWAY, NEAL SMITH
and GLEN BUXTON

Medium beat

Sheet music for the song "EIGHTEEN" by Alice Cooper. The music is in 4/4 time and includes lyrics and guitar chords (Em, C, D, Em, C, D, Em, C, D, Bm). The lyrics describe the speaker's physical and emotional state, including lines on their face and hands, and feelings of confusion and desire to leave. The music consists of two staves: a treble staff for the vocal and a bass staff for the piano/bass. Chords are indicated above the treble staff, and a dynamic marking "mf" is shown on the bass staff.

Em C D Em C D

Lines form on my face and hands,
ba-by's brain and an old man's heart,
lines form from the ups and downs.
took eight-teen years to get this far.

mf

C D Em C D

I'm in the mid - dle with - out an - y plans, —
Don't al - ways know what I'm talk - ing a - bout, —
I'm a boy and I'm a man. I'm
feels like I'm liv - ing in the mid - dle of doubt. 'Cause I'm

Em C D Em C D

Eight - een and I don't know what I want, —
Eight - een, I get con - fused ev - 'ry day, —
Eight - een, I just don't know what I want, —
Eight - een, I just don't know what to say, —

Em C D Am Bm

Eight - een, I got to get a - way. —
Eight - een, I got to get a - way. —
I've got to get out — of this place. —
(Instrumental)

1.

I'll go run-ning in out-er space_ a - gain. I got a

mf

2.

Em C D Em C D

Lines form on my face and my hands, lines form on the left and right.

ff

C D Em C D

I'm in the mid-dle, the mid-dle of life, I'm a boy and I'm a man, I'm Eight-teen and I

Em C D Em C D

like it. Yes, I like it, Well, I



like it, love it, like it, love it, Eight - een, Eight - een,



Eight - een, Eight - een and I like it.

1433



IS IT MY BODY

Words and Music by
 ALICE COOPER, MICHAEL BRUCE, GLEN BUXTON,
 DENNIS DUNAWAY, NEAL SMITH

Moderate beat



What have I got

that makes you want to love me?



Is it my bod - y?

Some - one I might be?



Some - thing in - side me?

You bet - ter tell me,

tell me,





It's real-ly up to you. Have you got the time to find out

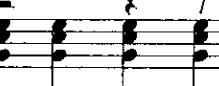


who I real-ly am?



What does it take

to get in-side of your mind?



Give me a break, yea,

And take a

Gm C7 Gm
 chance for the ver-y first time; You bet-ter tell me,
 Bb C7
 tell me, It's real-ly up to you;
 Gm F E \flat Gm
 Have you got the time to find out who I real-ly
 am, a-a-a - a-a-a-am.
 Gm E \flat
 Repeat till fade

UNDER MY WHEELS

Words and Music by
MICHAEL BRUCE
DENNIS DUNAWAY
BOB EZRIN

Medium Hard-Rock Beat

Medium Hard-Rock Beat

The tel - e - phone is ring - in', You got me on the run.
 I'm driv - in' in my car now,
 an - ti - ci - pat - in' fun. I'm driv - in' right up to you____ babe,
 I guess you could - n't see____ yea, yea. But you were UN - DER MY

Chords indicated in the score:
 G (top staff, 2nd measure), Bb (bottom staff, 3rd measure), C (bottom staff, 4th measure), Eb (bottom staff, 5th measure), G (top staff, 6th measure), Bb (bottom staff, 7th measure), G (top staff, 8th measure), Bb (bottom staff, 9th measure), Bb (bottom staff, 10th measure).

WHEELS, hon-ey. Why don't you let me be.
'Cause when you call me on the tel - e - phone say - in', "Take me to a
show"; But then I say, "Hon - ey, I just can't go" old
lady sends me pack - in' home. The tel - e - phone is ring -
I got you UN - DER MY WHEELS.

Chords: C, Eb, G, D, C, G, D, D, tacet, G, Eb, G

Phrases: To Coda, Coda, Repeat till Fade-out

CAUGHT IN A DREAM

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER
MICHAEL BRUCE

Moderate beat

1. Well, I'm
 (2. ____ I)
 3. Well, I'm



Em  F  C 

Trying to catch a ride in a Cad - il - lac;
 I need a but - ler and a trip to Spain;
 Trying to catch a ride in that Cad - il - lac;





Thought that I was liv - ing but you can't real - ly tell,
 I need ev - 'ry - thing the world owes me,
 Thought that I was liv - ing but you can't nev - er tell,



To Coda

Trying to get a - way from that suc - cess smell.
 tell that to my - self and I a - gree.
 What I thought was heav - en turned out to be hell.

2. I

Chorus

A_b

E_b

B_b

I'm caught in a dream, so what? You don't know

f

D_b

A_b

E_b

what I'm go - ing thru; I'm right in be - tween, So I'll,



D.C. al Coda

I'll just play a - long ____ with you.

Coda



When you see me with a smile on my face, ____



Then you know I'm a men - tal case. Oh____ oh,____ oh____ oh,____



D.S. and fade

oh____ oh,____

oh____ oh,____

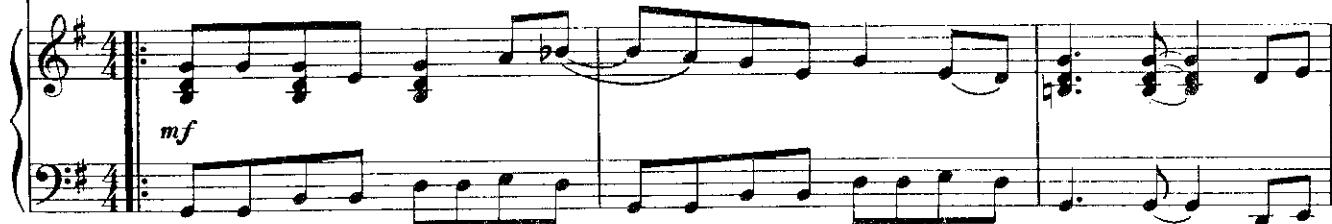
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER
MICHAEL BRUCE

Moderate rock



1. You can be my slave and I'll _____ be a stran - ger,—
2. You can be the dev - il, you _____ can be the Sav - ior,—



— We can be in pas - sion we _____ can be in dan - ger;
I real - ly can't tell by the way of your be - hav - ior;



I'll } Take you off the street, put you





un - der my wings, yeah, You can pull my leg, oh, an - y - thing, —

Yeah, yeah, yeah, — yeah.

Am7 C D7 To Coda

Yeah, yeah, yeah, —

G D7

Yeah.

F



I don't know what you're play - in',
Oh the pigs are get - ting tough - er,

G



Don't e - even know what you're say - in';
Yeah the things are get - ting rough - er;

You got to
This is

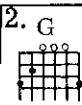
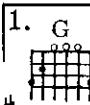
C



leave me a - lone,
Al - ice speak-in',

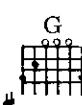
I'm gon - na go,

(Spoken:) "Suffer"



D.S. al Coda

Coda



yeah.

yeah.

yeah.

DESPERADO

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER
MICHAEL BRUCE

Moderately

1. I'm a gambler and I'm a runner.
2. I wear black leather.
3. (Instrumental)

But you knew that when you laid down.
Hands are lightnin'

C

Bm

I'm a pic - ture of my ug - ly sto - ries.
My shots are clean, my shots are are sto - ries.
fi - nal, fi - nal,

C

Bm

I'm a kill - er and I'm a clown.
my shots are dead - ly and when it's done:

Hard rock tempo

F#

G

A

Step in - to the street, my son, and step in - to your
You're as stiff as my smok - in' bar - rel, you're as dead as a
(3.) Tell me where the hell I'm go - in', let my bones fall

f

B

F#

G

last good - bye. You're a tar - get just by liv - ing,
des - c - rt night. You're a notch - and I'm a leg - end,
in my dust. Can't you hear - that ghost that's call - in'

twen - ty dol - lars will make you die.
 you're at peace and I must hide.
 as my Colt be - gins to rust.

In the dust. I'm a

kill - er, I'm a clown, I'm a

priest - ess gone to town.

HALO OF FLIES

Words and Music by
 ALICE COOPER, MICHAEL BRUCE, GLEN BUXTON,
 DENNIS DUNAWAY, NEAL SMITH

Bright 4



I've got the an - swer to all of your ques - tions, If

mf

you've got the mon - ey to pay me in gold; I will be liv - ing in

old Mon - te Car - lo, And you will be read - ing the

se - crets of soul.



Dag - gers_ and con - tact_ and bright shin - y lim-o's, I've got a watch_ that turns

in - to a life - boat, Glim - mer-ing night_ gowns, poi - son - ous co - bras,



Side - walks are un - der the heel of my shoe. _____



Gm

E_b

The el - e - gance of Chi - na, They sent her to

Cm

Gm

lie here on her back; But as she deep - ly moves me,

E_b

Cm

Dm

She'd rath - er shoot me in my tracks.

Rubato

Gm

E_b

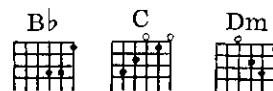
Cm

And while a Mid-dle A - sian la - dy, She real-ly came as no sur -

prise; But I still did de - stroy her, And I will smash Ha - lo of

Chords: Gm, E♭, Cm

Bright 2



And With I full float a sand bar
ream of pa - pers

1. F G Dm Bb C Dm F G

in your sub - ma - rine.

2. F G Dm Bb C Dm

in fan - tas - tic plans

F G Dm

You nev - er will un - der - stand.

KILLER

Words and Music by
MICHAEL BRUCE
DENNIS DUNAWAY

Moderate beat

Em

Em

What did I do to de -

serve such a fate; I didn't really want to get in -

volved with this thing. Some - one hand-ed me this

gun, and I, I gave it ev - 'ry-thing. (Yeah)



I gave it ev - 'ry-thing.



I came in - to this life, looked all a - round;

I saw just what I liked and took what I found.

Noth - ing came eas - y, _____
noth - ing came free,

Noth - ing came at all _____ un - til they came aft - er me.

F B7
Yeah _____

Em
Repeat and fade

R.H. Repeat and fade

LONG WAY TO GO

Words and Music by
MICHAEL BRUCE

Moderately

We've



still got a long way to go,

We've still got a



long way to go;

We all got a

B♭

long way to go. What's

C

keep-in' us a - part is - n't self - - ish - ness, What's
 Where is that Savior of the side - - walk life And the

8

hold-ing us to - geth-er is - n't love.
 road that takes us to the Cru - sades?

8

Fsus4

F

Lis-ten to the man who's been
 I've seen those shad-ows as they're

8



touched all his life
movin' in my sleep,

Yes, he's the one
Lead - in' the blind boy to a his



fool.
grave.



Please don't waste your en-er - gy on me, my friend, 'Cause we've

still got a long way to go. We'll

A musical score for a vocal performance. The top staff is a soprano vocal line in G clef, B-flat key signature, with lyrics: "meet a - gain some - day," "right now just go a - way, 'Cause I've". The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G clef, B-flat key signature, with a bass line. The piano part features a sustained note on the first beat of each measure, indicated by a brace and the number '8'. The piano part is in common time, while the vocal part is in 3/4 time.

still got a long way to go.

 F  G

Si - lence is speak-ing, so I__ got-ta weep_ on,

Music score for 'I Guess I'll Love It' featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts in E♭ major, moves to F major, and ends in C major. The piano part includes a bass line. The lyrics are: 'I guess I'll love it, love it to death, _____'.



Yes, we've still got a long way to go.



Yes, we've still got a long way to go.



Yes, we all got a long _____ way to



go.

3 3 3

sfp
3

SECOND COMING

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER

Moderate beat



I could-n't tell if the

mf



bells were get - ting loud - er, Or songs they ring I fi - n'ly rec - og -



nized.

I on - ly know

hell is get-ting hot-ter, The



Dev-il's get-ting smart-er all the time.

And it would be nice to



walk up - on the wa-ter, To talk a-gain to an-gels at my side.



Time is get - ting clos - er, I read it on a post - er, Fa -



nat - i - cal ex - pos - ers on cor - ners proph - e - sy.

Am E7 Em F Am E7

I just come back to show you all my words are golden, So have no gods be-fore me, I'm the

BLACK JU JU

Words and Music by
DENNIS DUNAWAY

Moderate beat

Tacet




Touched by the tail and plunged in - to his arm,

Cursed thru the night, thru eyes of a - alarm; A

mel - o - dy black flowed out of my breath,

Search-ing for death, but bod-ies need rest.

Tacet

Bod-y,

Dm

Un-der the soil now wait-ing for worms
Clutch-ing and bit-ing my soul has caught on fire, My

All that I feel is all that I've learned.
e - vil is now and I'm caught up in de - sire.

All that I know is all that I think, Dead
Ev - 'ry - thing I'm liv - ing for is all that I am,

To Coda ♪
feel - ings are cool, down low - er I sink.
Lik-ing it and lov-ing it that's all in the plan.

Dm



1.

2.

1433

RECITATION

(ad lib rhythm background)

Bodies need rest, we all need our rest,
 Sleep an easy sleep, --- rest--- rest.
 But come back in the morning,
 Come back hard.

Dm

Tacet

Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up.

D.S. al Coda 

Bod-y. _____

Repeat and fade

Coda

Dm



YOU DRIVE ME NERVOUS

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER
MICHAEL BRUCE
BOB EZRIN

Moderate rock

Cm F Cm F

Yeah, you seem so civil - ized, Your

mf

ma-ma's trying to run your life, And dad-dy's trying to pick your wife, oh,

no.

Yeah, you run a - round with all that hair, He
run up - state, you're thrown in jail, You



just don't like those rags you wear,
ain't got the bread to pay the bail,
And say I'm gon-na pack up my stuff,
And mama and pa - pa comes up and says:



I'm gon-na run a - way.
"Hon-ey, where'd we fail?"

And then she say:
And then you scream:



"You drive me nerv - ous, nerv - ous."
"You drive me nerv - ous, nerv - ous."
And then I say:
And then I scream:



"You drive me nerv - ous, nerv - ous, nerv - ous, oh.



Nerv-ous, nerv-ous, nerv-ous,___ nerv-ous, oh,___ oh,___ yeah."___

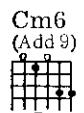


1.

2.

2. You ___ You drive me n - n - n - nerv - ous,___ N - n - n - nerv -

ous,___ You drive me nerv - ous. ___ Oh.



R.H.

BE MY LOVER

Words and Music by
MICHAEL BRUCE

Moderately



She struts in - to the room_ but I don't know_ her, But with a



mag - ni - fy - ing glass I just sort of look her o - ver. We



have_ a drink or two,_ well, may - be three, And then



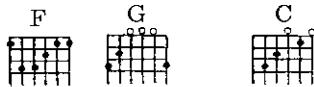
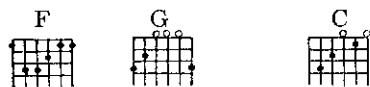
sud-den-ly she starts tell-in' me her life sto - ry. She says:

Chorus

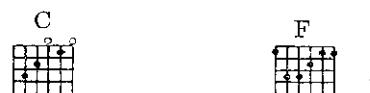
"Ba-by, if you wan-na be my lov - er, you bet-ter take me home;

'Cause it's a long, long way to Par-a - dise and I'm still on my

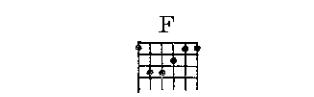
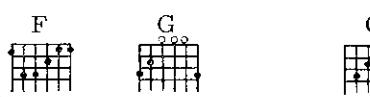
own." Told her that I came



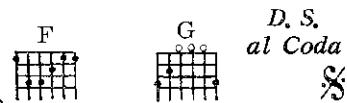
from De-troit cit-y,
And I played_gui-tar_ in a long haired rock and roll



band;
She asked me why the sing-er's name was Al - ice,

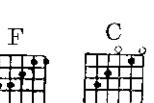
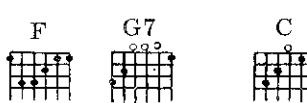


I said, "Lis-ten, ba-by, you real-ly would-n't un-der - stand."



*D. S.
al Coda*

Coda C



(And I said,)

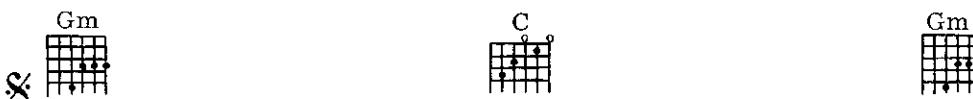
own,

on my own."

HALLOWED BE MY NAME

Words and Music by
NEAL SMITH

Moderate beat



1. Gath - er 'round light - ning and hear me whis - per The words of the pris - ons, the
 2. Come, all you sin - ners now in your glo - ry, My ears will lis - ten to
 sluts and the hook - ers have tak - en your mon - ey, The queens are out danc - ing, but



To Coda

words of laugh - ter, The lords and the la - dies were fix - ing their hair - dos. }
 your dirt - y sto - ry, You're fight - ing to go up as you're on your way down. }
 now they're not fun - ny, 'Cause there goes one walk - ing a - way with your son - ny. }



Tacet



Curs - ing the lov - ers, curs - ing the Bi - ble, Hal - lowed -



D Gm

Tacet

be my name. — Yell-ing at fa - thers, scream-ing at moth - ers,

D Gm D Gm A♭

To Coda

Hal - lowed — be my name. —

A B♭

1. Gm 2. Gm

D.S. al Coda §

3. The

Coda

Tacet

ff

Gm

BALLAD OF DWIGHT FRYE

Words and Music by
ALICE COOPER
MICHAEL BRUCE

Child's Voice: "Mommy, where's daddy? He's been gone for so long. Do you think he'll ever come home?"

Moderate beat



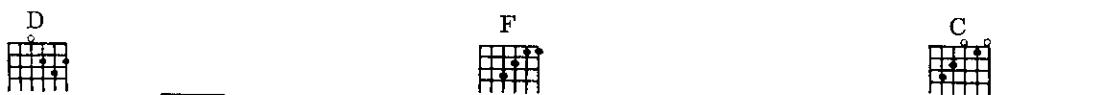
I was gone for fourteen days,
I think I lost some weight there,

I could have been gone for more;
And I'm sure I need some rest;



Held up in intensive care ward,
Sleeping don't come very easy

Lying on the floor.
In a straight white vest.



I was gone for all those days,
Sure like to see the lit - tle chil - dren,

But I was not a -
She's on - ly four years





lone;
old;

I made friends with lots of peo - - ple,
I'd give her back all her play - - things,-



in the dan - ger zone.
e - ven the ones I stole.



See my lone-ly

life un - fold,

I see it ev'-ry

day,



See my on-ly

mind ex - plode,

since I've gone a - way.

when I've gone in - sane.



(I wanna get out of here,

I've got to get out of here.)



See my lone-ly

life un - fold,

I see it ev - 'ry



day; _____

See my on - ly

mind ex - plode, —

To next strain



blow up

in _____

my face

Fine



when I've

gone _____

in - sane.



I grabbed my hat, I got my coat,
Said to my self, this is very strange,



I ran in - to the street;
I'm glad it was - n't me;

I saw a man that was chok -
But now I hear those si -



- ing there, - ren -
- rens call - ing,

I guess he could - n't
And so I am not



D.S. al Fine

breathe.

free.

(I didn't want to be.)